

No. 53

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FEBRUARY

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BIG SHOT

IN THIS ISSUE:
THE FACE
JOE PALOOKA
SPARKY WATTS
CHARLIE CHAN
DIXIE DUGAN
THE SKYMAN
and BO

GOLLY, DIXIE,
I DINT KNOW'
SLAPHAPPY COULD
DANCE LIKE THAT!

HE'S A REGULAR
JITTERBUG!



Starting This Issue:

BRASS KNUCKLES

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



PIANO PLAYING

So Easy It's Really Amazing!



Mr. Dave Minor, Who Is On the Radio From Coast-to-Coast, Guarantees He Will Teach You to Play the Piano by Ear Without Knowing One Music Note From Another, Or No Cost.

Mr. Dave Minor is the man with the largest music class in the world . . . the man who guarantees if you can hum, whistle, or sing a tune, and if you are willing to spend a few minutes a day for three weeks at the piano, he can teach you to play the piano by ear, entirely without music notes of any kind. It sounds too good to be true, but it is true. You can prove it for yourself, just by mailing the coupon.

Special Introductory Offer . . .

\$1.49

Here is an outstanding offer to everyone who would like to play the piano. Mr. Minor has just completed a new "play by ear" piano course that is the easiest and quickest method you ever saw. It's so good and so practical that if, in three weeks, you're not actually playing the piano, your money back. Now, isn't that fair? So, don't wait. Mail the coupon now and get in on a special offer so wonderful it's amazing!

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Even if you never played the piano or don't know one note from another, Dave Minor's new improved "play by ear" piano course and teach you to play the piano in a red cent! It contains all the pictures, all the radio-to-radio instructions. It's as simple as ABC. 26 lessons in all. Do them at a lesson! For over 25 years, Dave Minor has been helping little boys play the piano. He has thousands of satisfied students, but never before has he been able to offer you such a complete and simplified method to play the piano by ear. You start playing chords at once, and soon you'll be playing all kinds of songs from Dave Minor's big free song book, for your own pleasure and for the entertainment of your family and friends. Mail the coupon today! \$1.49 plus S & H postage on airmail, we guarantee that this course in three weeks, if not satisfied, for full refund.

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I have received as many requests, that I can offer those of the "Guitar Made Easy" course, at an additional low price of only \$1.00. If you would like to learn to play this fascinating instrument, send coupon. Mail your order today.

and still that isn't all

If you act promptly, now, Dan Davis will give you, absolutely free of extra costs, his big 15-page book of "All American's" favorite songs. There's one note to make in this book, but it tends to be play guitars, banjos, mandolins, ukuleles and popular songs. All you do is follow the first few pages of the "Piano" course and you can play any song from this 15-page song book. You get this song book just by mailing the pen and simplified "play-by-ear" piano course that is guaranteed to teach you to play the piano by ear, hard. Mail today today.

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FREE

DAVE MINOR'S FA-
MOUS "PLAY BY
EAR" PIANO SONG
BOOK GIVEN FREE.

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MR. DAVE MINOR, Dept. 52-BB
230 EAST OHIO, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

Send your health-new complete "Play-By-Ear" Course at 25 cents and I'll send 22-title Song Book, F. J. Marley, \$1.49 plus S. C. O. D., postage at cost or your regular guarantee. I will return course in 3 weeks if full refund. Send \$1.49 plus extra postage when paying by mail.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

I am interested in learning to play the guitar. Please send me guitar course, for which I will pay \$1.00 plus postage.

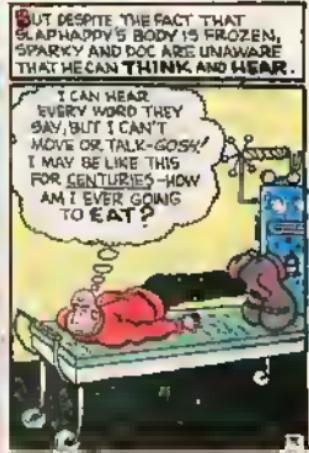
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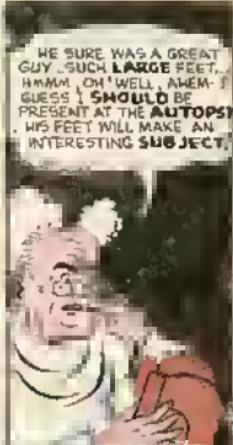
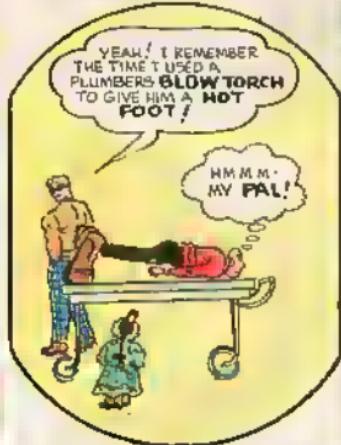
BIG SHOT



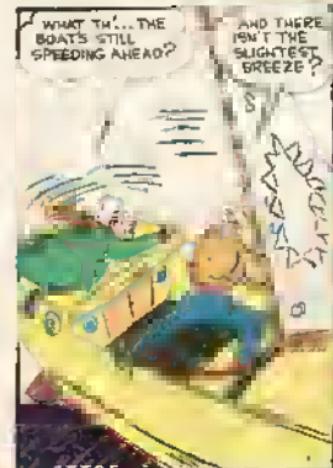
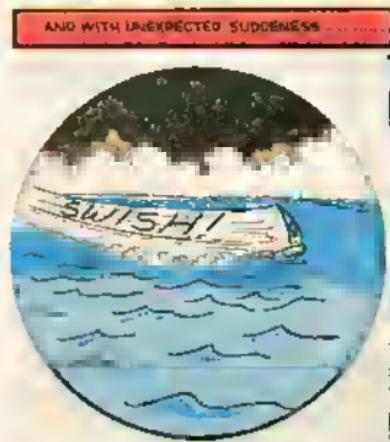
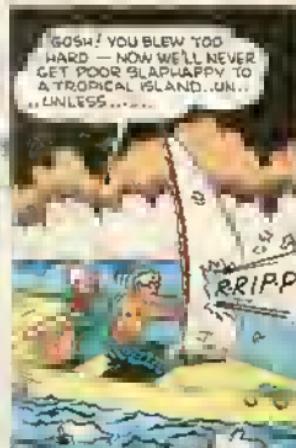
BATIER — BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



The SKYMAN



THE TWISTS OF FATE ARE STRANGE--ALLEN TURNER, FOR INSTANCE, WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ANYONE CRAZY WHO SUGGESTED THAT A TIME WOULD COME WHEN, AS THE SKYMAN, HE WOULD

TO SAVE JAPAN!

THEN DROM IS DEAD
SKYMAN? I RATHER THINK SO,
SUE--HIS PLANE
CRASHED IN THE
CANYON, WITH NEARLY
A QUART OF V-69
A BOARD---



THAT WAS AN INCREDIBLE
LAST WHEN MY PLANE HIT--
AND YET I'D LEFT ONLY A
ONE-OUNCE BOTTLE OF V-69
EXPLOSIVE IN THE SEAT?
NOW I KNOW V-69 IS EXACTLY
WHAT I NEED TO ACCOMPLISH
MY PURPOSE--!

BUT DROM'S
STILL ALIVE



BIG SHOT

THIS STUFF MIGHT HAVE GONE OFF FROM THE JOLT OF MY LAND-ING--BUT IT WAS A CHANCE I HAD TO TAKE!

TWO WEEKS LATER DROM'S PLAN BEGINS TO MANIFEST ITSELF IN A DRAMATIC AND UNUSUAL SMALL AND ANCIENT MEXICAN TOWN---



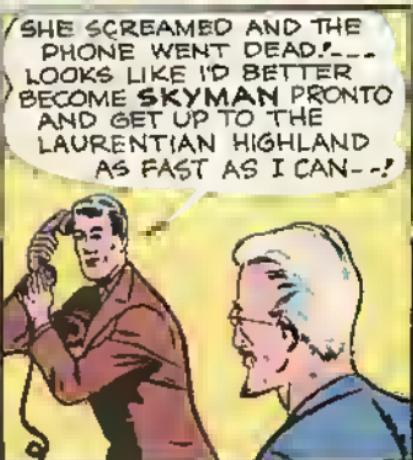
THE ERUPTION WHICH OCCURRED TWO DAYS AGO IS A SCIENTIFIC MYSTERY, BECAUSE THE VOLCANO HAS BEEN DORMANT FOR SIXTY YEARS---

ALLEN TURNER?---THIS IS SUE ST. MARIE! CAN YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH SKYMAN?---TELL HIM I'M AT MY PLACE IN CANADA---AND TELL HIM DROM'S ALIVE!



SHE SCREAMED AND THE PHONE WENT DEAD!---LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER BECOME SKYMAN PRONTO AND GET UP TO THE LAURENTIAN HIGHLAND AS FAST AS I CAN---

AND SO, A FEW HOURS LATER IN A LONELY REGION OF THE LAURENTIAN HIGHLAND---



BIG SHOT



IT WAS TRAP-- AND YOU WALK IN PRETTY!



HE
BOMBED
THE
VOLCANO?



BIG SHOT

DESTROY JAPAN! - WHILE THE AUTOMATIC PILOT FLIES YOUR PLANE, I SHALL BE VERY GLAD TO EXPLAIN. YOU SEE, SKYMAN, JAPAN RESTS ON VERY SHAKY GEOLOGIC FOUNDATIONS - BUT HOW?



- HUNDREDS OF VOLCANOES DOT THE ISLES OF NIPPON - AND ABOUT THIRTY OF THEM ARE ACTIVE NOW. - IF SOMETHING SHOULD JAR THE DORMANT ONES INTO ERUPTION, WHO CAN TELL WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN?



"THINK HOW A VOLCANO OPERATES - - - NOW SUPPOSE THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE V-69, WAS USED TO BOMB THE HARDENED LAVA PLUGS LOOSE IN SEVERAL CRATERS - - - "



"MIGHT NOT THE INTERIOR GASES AND MOLTEN LAVA BE RELEASED IN A SERIES OF SIMULTANEOUS ERUPTIONS? - - - RIGHT AFTER DOOLITTLE'S RAID YOU KNOW, THE GREAT VOLCANO, ASO SAN, ERUPTED VIOLENTLY - - - "



SO - THIS SERIES OF VOLCANIC EXPLOSIONS MIGHT RESULT IN EARTHQUAKES WHICH MIGHT COLLAPSE THE FAULTY EARTH STRATA BENEATH JAPAN - - -

HE'S MAD, SUE ABSOLUTELY MAD!

"MAD"
WHY - ?

BECAUSE NO ONE KNOWS HOW THE FRACTURES IN THE LAND BASE OF JAPAN AFFECT THE REST OF THE EARTH'S CRUST! - YOUR LITTLE STUNT MIGHT DESTROY THE WORLD!



BIG SHOT

SO? - THAT IS
A RISK THE WORLD
MUST TAKE--!



NORTH-WEST FLIES THE WING, RACING IN A GREAT ARC THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE, UNTIL AT LAST DROM CUTS THE MOTORS AND PUTS THE GREAT PLANE IN A LONG, SLANTING GLIDE---

DROM'S BUSY AT THE CONTROLS-- SO I SNEAKED BACK AGAIN.

GOOD GIRL! CAN YOU FREE ME--?



WHY DID
HE BRING
US ALONG
SUE?

HE'S VERY
VAIN—
HE LOVES
AN AUDIENCE!

WE'RE OVER JAPAN!
BUT GO AHEAD AND
RELEASE HIM SUE—
YOU'RE BOTH LOCKED
IN!

IT'S OKAY, SUE—
DROM HAS FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THE
ICARUS CAPE—!

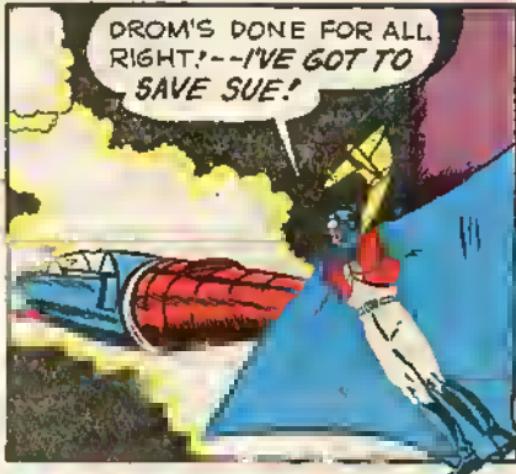


I HATE TO LEAVE HER LIKE THIS— BUT I MUST WARN THE JAPS!--BECAUSE IF DROM'S VOLCANO-BOMBING WORKS, IT MIGHT BE THE END OF THE EARTH.

AND THEN UNEXPECTEDLY, OUT OF THE SUN, A JAPANESE HAWK SUDDENLY SWOOPS----



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

MEN!

Sensational New

NECKTIE GLOWS
in the Dark!

BY DAY:
A
WONDERFUL
NECKTIE



BY NIGHT:
THE MOST
UNIQUE EFFECT
YOU HAVE
EVER SEEN



CREATES A SENSATION
WHEREVER YOU GO . . .

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkle-proof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange, luminous pattern of the patriot's universal lighting code — "V"! It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation both men and women take about its unique beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and make it the most unique strikingly unique as you can imagine. Imagine its marvelous effect—it's actual protection an blankets or dimmest, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now, through this amazing but limited introductory offer, you too, can receive some of these design wear yourself or give a wonderful gift.



YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF
SEND NO MONEY . MAIL COUPON . TRY AT OUR RISK

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary necktie tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinctive in every way. Wrinkle-proof! Time proof! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00. In under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 99¢. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postage 98¢ plus postage. Then examine Sea how beautiful! And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way, all you need to do is return it and the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW!

ONLY 98¢

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the lighting man's "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code is glowing beautifl! Wear this tie with pride—It's smart, wrinkle-proof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

MAIL THIS COUPON!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO., Dept. ETC
207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Send me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postage 98¢ plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted, or return it for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 glowing Neckties for \$2.75 check here

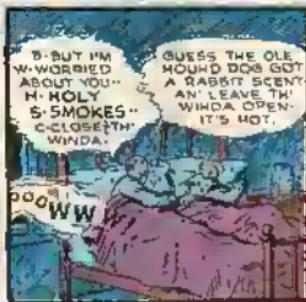
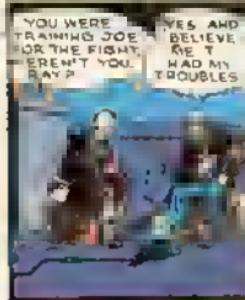
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Address _____

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JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER



BIG SHOT

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JOE PALOOKA

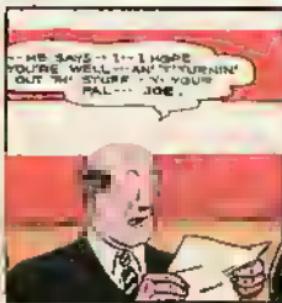
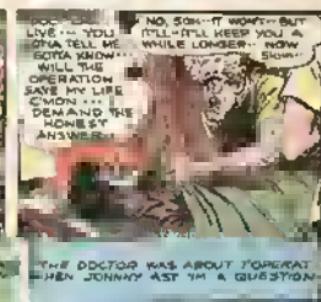
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JOE PALOOKA

by HAM FISHER.



BIG SHOT

DIXIE DUGAN

MC EVOY
AND
STRIEBEL

RONNIE
KINTER
PRETENDED
TO BE
SICK
TO GET
AWAY
FROM
HIS
AUNT,
MRS.
AND
COUSIN !

YOU SHOULD BE
PUNISHED FOR
THIS BUT I
HAVEN'T GOT
THE TIME! —
NOW GET
OUT.

Y-YES, SIR
JUST
A
MINUTE —

COME HERE,
DOCTOR!

???
S'MATTER??



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

LATER



AND AS A DOCTOR,
IF A PERSON SAYS
HE'S SICK HE IS—
UNTIL PROVEN
OTHERWISE!
IS THAT
CLEAR?

HMPH!

BUT WHY SHOULD
RONNIE GO TO SUCH
EXTREMES TO GET
AWAY FROM YOU??
WHY WOULDN'T
YOU LET HIM
OUT OF YOUR
SIGHT?

THAT,
YOUNG
LADY, IS
DISTINCTLY
NONE OF
YOUR
BUSINESS—



HE'S GOT TO BE FOUND BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE! OTHERWISE
I'LL HOLD YOU DIRECTLY
RESPONSIBLE!
GOOD DAY!



YOU SUGGESTED RONNIE BE
BROUGHT HERE TO TEACH HIM
A LESSON FOR PRETENDING
TO BE SICK.... NOW THE
DOCTOR IS BLAMED, TOO
.... YOU'RE IN A JAM,
DIXIE DUGAN!



GEE, ARE THEY GONE?
I DUCKED OUT TO GET
YOUR COAT WHEN THE
ARGUMENT STARTED
AND — ?????



SAY—YOU LOOK
SICK ENOUGH
TO STAY
HERE.—
S'MATTER,
DEAR?
I'VE
GOT TO
FIND THAT
YOUNG KINTER
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!



BIG SHOT



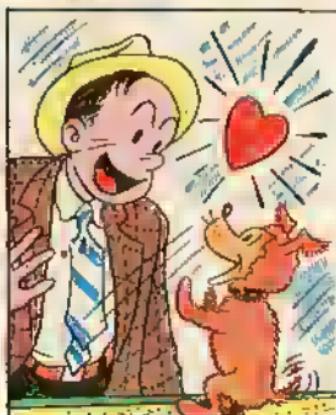
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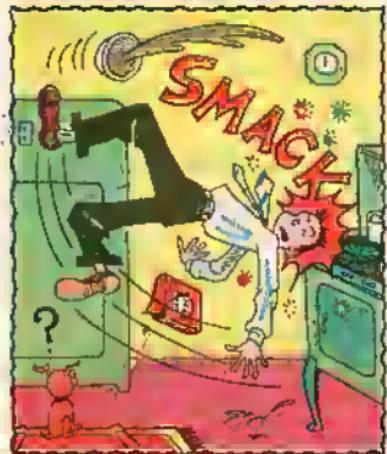
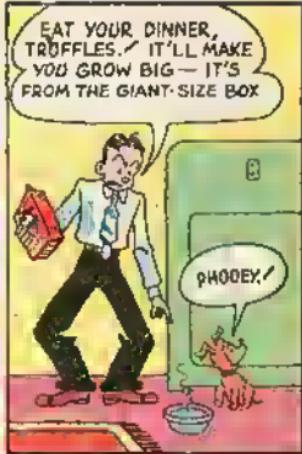
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BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY



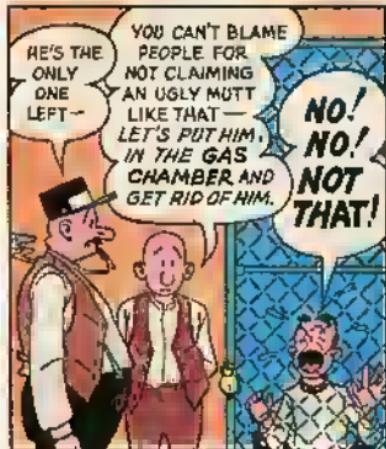
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BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



CHARLIE HAN

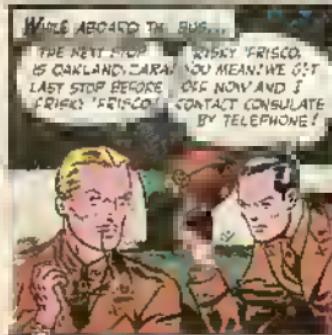
ALFRED ANDRIOLA



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



MISTER TWO HEADS

BY MARY DAILEY

I DIDN'T like the guy. His impulsive and egocentric presence gave even that abode of bad air, the Happy Days Bar and Grill, a bad air, and every time I glanced his way he was behaving as if he thought himself the life of the party. It was easy to dislike him twice as much as anyone I ever met. *The guy had two heads.*

Toby Penwold, perched on a high wooden stool at the other end of the bar didn't think much of Mister Two Heads either. I could hear Toby muttering over and over, "A guy ain't got a right to beve two heads."

Did this bother Mister Two Heads? It did not! Mister Two Heads just kept stowing the cole slaw and the stewed beans from the free lunch into his two big mouths and double-shoved contentedly.

Overwhelmed by the injustice of this, I bowed my head on a basket of pretzels and wept, while Joe the Bartender told me the story of Toby Penwold and Mister Two Heads.

TOBY (said Joe the Bartender) is what you'd call a teetotaler. He comes in here under the delusion that this is some kind of ice cream parlor and he will not even dip a Zombie Special until I assure him it's a raspberry soda.

So I was not surprised this afternoon when he dropped in for a case of ginger ale. Seems he stays up most nights writing drivel for the comic books—stuff about superduper heroes in capes and tight boots who fight the mad monster population with bolts of atomic lightning—and he keeps his inspiration on the wing with foot beer or as the spirit prompts him, ginger ale.

At about the same time, the Treasurer of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club ordered a case of champagne, confiding chummily that it was for the annual Masquerade Dance.

Toby and the Treasurer renewed their acquaintanceship over tall glasses of Undertaker's Punch while I descended into the dark, ratty cellar where we keep our stock. When I returned with the champagne and ginger ale, Toby was offering to drive him and the champagne to the clubhouse. The Treasurer said he'd be delighted to accept a lift.

Ten minutes later they were weaving crazily through traffic. The Treasurer was sitting on the handlebars of Toby's bicycle holding the two cases of beverages on his lap, and Toby was pedalling unsteadily.

ABOUT midnight so I'm told, Toby caused pausing his typewriting long enough to get a bottle of ginger ale from the refrigerator. It was soon apparent that this was one of the better brands. Toby liked the sparkle and the bubbly taste. He poured himself another glass and went back to work.

The story he was plugging was so terribly frightening him, even it didn't frighten his acrobatic hero who pelted into the two-headed gorilla with snappy watercracks. Toby

felt the need of a brace. He went to the refrigerator for another bottle of ginger ale.

MEANWHILE, the Masquerade Dance was not doing so well.

For weeks I've had smacked in anticipation of flowing rivers of champagne, and noceas hitherto accumulated only to beer loans had I watched happily imagining the delicious tingle of bursting champagne bubbles. Now the members and their ladies were disappointed. They did not express it in just those words, but they had expected that champagne would taste like silk from the snowy Himalayas, or at least like nectar from Olympus to stimulate their tipsy soaring spirits.

Instead, the stuff tasted like ginger ale. And after waiting without effect for the stimulation to begin, the boys went back to the old reliable beer kegs. The members of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club, who was recruited from among the more muscular dock workers largely for the breadth of their biceps, are philosophical souls. They soon forgot their disappointment and launched in the pleasant sport of banging one another over the head with chairs and table legs and hand grenades made to look like ping pong balls.

Nor so the Treasurer. He knew it was only a matter of time before the rest of the boys rated with the joy of cracking one another's skulls, would begin asking questions. They would probe. They would suspect the worst. They would twist a Treasurer's arm, thinking they'd been bilked.

The Treasurer had a clear conscience in the matter of the champagne purchase. He had not shucked more than his customary percentage. But would the boys believe this? The Treasurer thought not, and meditated bitterly upon the lack of trust in this world, he slid down the dumbwaiter with some empty beer kegs, and made his escape through the basement window.

He did not know that the President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club already harbored dark suspicions, and was at that moment reading the labels on the champagne bottles. The President was not surprised at what he read. His mouth hardened. He slipped out while someone was blowing on an warder's whistle, and took up the Treasurer's trail.

THE trouble with masquerade costumes is that they make a fellow too conspicuous. The Treasurer, handsewed by a woolly sun designed to imitate a gorilla's hide, nevertheless climbed over back fences and crawled through alleys without attracting more than a shoe or two which materialized out of the night whenever inadvertently set a whole stalk of umbrellas rolling down cellar steps.

Then just as he was congratulating himself upon reaching home without being seen, he discovered that he had forgotten his keys.

He hastened to press the button of the night bell. Such a rush and would bring the night-

BIG SHOT

shut building superintendent to the door, and the next day the whole neighborhood would know that the Treasurer, formerly a self-respecting citizen, went about investing in a woolly gorilla suit.

He could, he reflected, grab the keys from the superintendent and dash for his apartment. At least he could have, if he hadn't left the mark behind at the Diana.

There was one other way of getting in. It would require agility and caution, but he could reach his louth-floor apartment by the fire-escape.

A moment later, the gorilla-costumed Timmert scrambled up the wall and swung onto the fire-escape.

He was unobserved, except by one person. This was a lenteable figure in red, who wore horns and carried his forked tail wrapped around his arm. It was the President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club.

TOBY PERWOLD had never tested such gung-ho ele. The staff had his hearty endorsement, and he toyed with the notion of writing to tell the manufacturer so.

Long since he had given up the idea of finishing his script for the comic book that night. Of course, the artist would be starving for work, and couldn't begin working until Toby's script arrived. Let the blighter starve, Toby thought happily.

Besides, Toby doubted whether he had read the human heart right. Would, for instance, a wise chap like his superduper hero in the saloon escape actually beat to a pulp a poor two-headed gorilla, who, after all, probably worked hard to support a widowed mother? Toby thought not. In fact, Toby told himself, in a surge of love for all God's world, if a two-headed gorilla should step through the window, he himself would welcome the creature like a brother.

The next instant, a two-headed gorilla did.

THE Treasurer, taking care not to knock off any flower-pots, intended going straight up the fire-escape to his apartment. But he could not resist the temptation to look into the lighted room. And when he saw Toby Perwold sitting at his desk, a silly expression on his face and six empty bottles lying around his typewriter, the Treasurer forgot himself.

"Hello," Toby greeted him. "Won't you sit down for a cup of ginger ale?"

The man's heads were remotely human, and Toby suspected that at least one of them would smile. Instead, both heads regarded him with unconsidering, unfriendly eyes.

"Ginger ale?" Two Heads repeated, tightly-lipped.

"Yess. I got a whole new in the refrigerator, Take a bottle. Take two."

"Where did you get this stuff?" demanded Two Heads.

"From Joe the Bartender, who tant that delightful ice cream parlor down the street."

Two Heads picked up one of the bottles to read the label. In hot lousy burned the light of a Treasurer who suddenly understood all: how a little piqueant of a witwit, or pretext of giving him a hit to the slabhouse, snatched the easier of beverage and slyly kept the champagne for himself, and now, caught red-handed with the goods, pretends to think it ginger ale.

"Come, come," Two Heads snapped. "Where

in the rest of this stuff? I went it QUICK!"

"One bottle, or two, you can have, Master Two Heads," Toby answered generously, "but no more!"

"I went it all!" Two Heads shouted, and hit lousy eyes blazed madly. "You said it we in the teletator, didn't you?" He tried to brush past Toby in the kitchen.

A man of Toby's slight physique shrank from physical violence. But now it was as if he were defending the sanctity of the American Home. What, he seemed to tell himself as he grabbed a bottle off the desk and lifted it behind Two Heads, will become of the American system of civil liberties if two-headed gorillas are made a fellow's refrigerators and walk off with his gun-blis?

The bottle swished on empty air. Toby would have sworn his aim was true; but the bottle seemed to pass through the gorilla's fell head.

Two Heads didn't like that. Both his ugly faces twisted in anger and half-lightened Toby to death.

In instant hante, Toby swung again. Once more he thought he saw the bottle pass through one of the gorilla's heads—the time the one on the right side. The bottle struck nothing but air.

"Here you, cut that out!" said Two Heads. Both mouths seemed to be yelling at once, and what's more he seemed suddenly to have grown four arms that stretched menacingly in Toby's direction.

Toby waited till he saw the whites of the animal's four eyes. Taking careful aim between them, he swung the bottle with all his 102 pounds.

The bottle exploded. A direct hit!

Two Heads sank to the floor, his eyes glumly and unseeing.

Toby regarded his handiwork with the smugness of an old Roman gladiator who has sneaked over a last battle-axe on a barbarian Hun.

"Nobody's taking this ginger ale from me," he boasted. "Not even the devil himself!"

"What did you say, Bud?" said a voice. And Toby, turning nervously, beheld a figure in red with enormous horns and a forked tail looped around its arm, stepping over the window sill.

JOE THE BARTENDER sighed. "The President of the Gowanus Social and Ping Pong Club was relieved to find that the Treasurer was a man of honor and wholly blameless. He promised to keep the matter secret; if they split when remeasured of the case of champagne three ways. He is an honorable man, and he will keep his promise."

I tilted my head out of the preteel basket on the bar and the next instant was sorry. The guy with the two heads was still there, and I disliked him more than ever. Both his heads were ugly as mortal sin, and, to make matters worse, each wore a turban of white bandages.

Toby Perwold was banging his glass upon the other end of the bar,

"Trow that bum out!" he shouted. "A guy ain't oughts have two heads, anyway!"

"Yess," I echoed, looking Master Two Heads square in his four eyes. "Trow that bum out!"

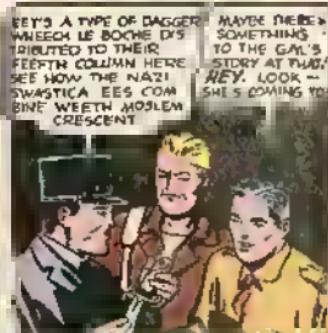
"Shaddap!" said Joe the Bartender. "Thel bum is you. You're looking in the mirror."

BIG SHOT

CAPTAIN YANK

FRANK
TINSLEY

ON HIS WAY TO REPORT TO NAVAL SHOOTS IN TUNISIA YANK RESCUES A MYSTERIOUS VEILED WOMAN WHO INSISTS ON SEEING THE U.S. COMMANDER...



SHE'S CONSCIOUS NOW. CAN-GEE? COKE COGNAC! COGNAC! MUM DLEW! YOU AMERICANS DON'T KNOW THESE NATIVES YET. A LEEITTLE WATER WEEEL BREENG HER AROUND!



MARIANNE! COLONEL MUSETTE!



MOM DUN MOM! WHY DEED YOU NOT TELL ME THAT THEES GIRL EES FRENCH!

YOU SEEM TO KNOW HER.



BUT OF COURSE! SHE EES MARIANNE DUPLEX HER FATHER EES WHAT YOU CALL ZE MAYOR OF TAHAMET.

TAHAMET THATS A TWO-BIT PORT ON THE TUNISIAN COAST ISN'T IT?



BIG SHOT



THEN THE NAZIS START A SECRET BASE AT TAHAMET FOR SUPPLY NORTHERN FRONT. OIL, PETROL, FOOD, AMMUNITION EET COME EVERY NIGHT TO OUR BEEGLE TOWN — BY GLIDER!



WHEN I COMPREHEND HOW IMPORTANT TO LE BOCHE EES THEE'S NEW BASE, I COME QEECK TO TELL YOU!

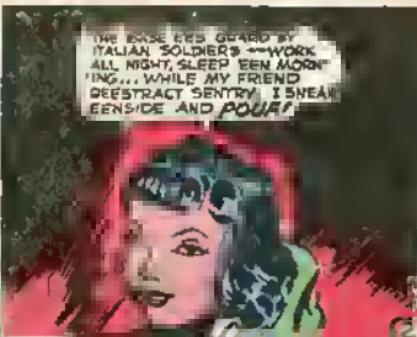


THE BOCHE GLIDERS COME ONLY AT NIGHT — AND THEY HIDE THE MUNITIONS EEN BEIG CAVE ON THE COAST... EEF MONSIEUR LE ADMIRAL DOUBTS MY WORD, I HAVE PROOF!

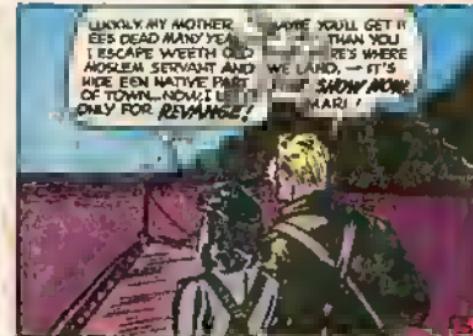


IT'S A SUPPLY DUMP, ALL RIGHT — NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT!

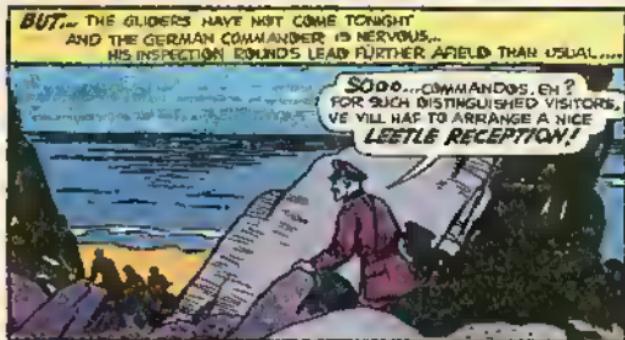
FLASHLIGHT
SNAP-SHOTS!
HOW'D YOU GET 'EM?



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



WELCOME
SWEET
SPRING
TIME!



BIG SHOT

THEY'D CALL IT RUNNING AWAY.
I SPOSE IT'S A THROW-BACK
TO MY WILD ANCESTORS, BUT
I'D LIKE TO HIT THE TRAIL..
ROAM THE WOODS AND
JUST HUNT AND
HUNT AND

!! ★ !! @@@M !!
WHERE'D THAT
THING GO...?
MUST HAVE SPRING
FEVER TOO

LATER

MOM... DAD! I CAN'T FIND
BO... I'VE CALLED AND CALLED
BUT HE DIDN'T COME. I JUST
KNOW THAT
SOMETHINGS
HAS HAPPENED!

HE PROBABLY WASN'T
HUNGRY... YOU MISS A
MEAL OCCASIONALLY
HE'LL SHOW UP..
STOP CRYING
AND Wipe AWAY
THOSE TEARS
HERE'S MY
HANKY

WAIT, JUNIOR,
I'LL GET A
TISSUE..

MEANWHILE

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
IT IS THAT SPRING FEVER
DOES TO YOU BUT I
JUST DON'T FEEL
LIKE GOING
BACK HOME

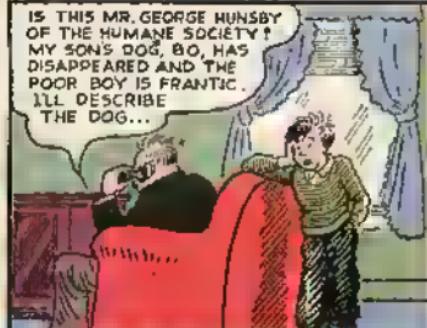
DAWN

OH BOY AM I HAVING
FUN CHASING RABBITS
AND SQUIRRELS
LOOK AT THAT
BABY GO...

THIS SPRING FEVER BORE
BRINGS OUT THE INSTINCTS
OF MY WILD ANCESTORS
WELL... I'VE CHASED
THAT RABBIT
HOME ..

HOME! THAT REMINDS
ME... WONDER IF THE
FOLKS HAVE MISSED
ME? OH WELL THEY
GO OFF ON VACATIONS
TO SET AWAY FROM
IT ALL AND NOBODY
WORRIES

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

YOUR DOG IS LOST, EH?
WAAL.. I AINT SEEN
ANY STRAYS ROUND
HERE, SONNY...

HE'S ABOUT
THIS HIGH AND
HAS A BLACK
EYE ...

I CAN UNDERSTAND
JUNIOR HUNTING FOR
BO... BUT IT'S WAY
PAST DINNER
TIME...

HERE HE COMES,
ALONE, HE LOOKS
SO DEJECTED,
POOR BOY...



Bo
is
still
A.W.O.L.

I'M NOT TAKIN' CHANCES
WITH THAT NOISE I HEARD
IN THOSE BUSHES... OH...
SOMEBODY LIVING WAY
OUT HERE IN THESE
WOODS...



SOMETHIN'
AFTER MY
CHICKENS
AGAIN...
I'M GOING
SUNNING
THIS TIME.



DOG TRACKS! SO THOSE
MUTTS ARE BACK AFTER
MY CHICKENS AGAIN.
THAT SETTLES IT...
I'LL DO SOME
TRACKIN' NOW...



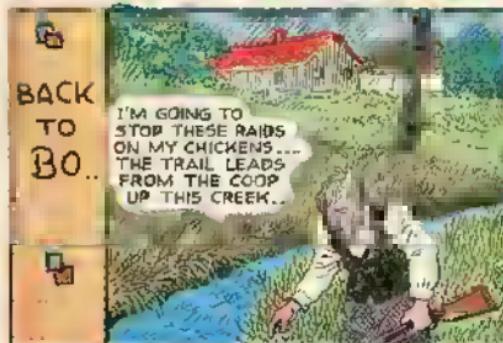
OH BOY, THAT TASTED
GOOD. I RAN MYSELF
DRY GETTING AWAY
FROM THAT NOISE IN
THOSE BUSHES!



THAT WAS SILLY. I DIDN'T
WAIT TO SEE WHAT CAUSED
IT. AFTER I'VE RESTED,
I'LL GO BACK AND
HAVE A LOOK...



BIG SHOT



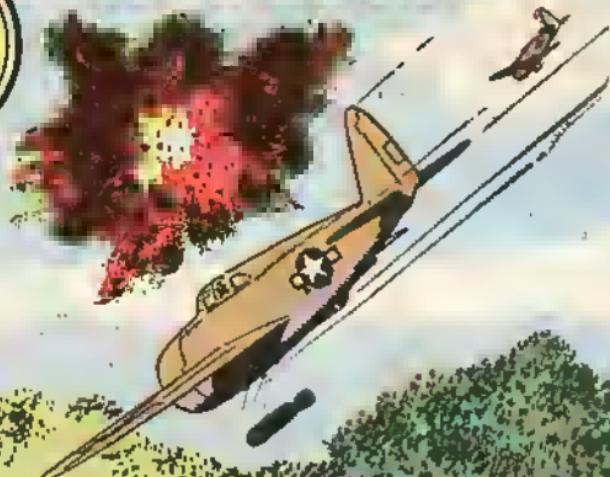
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The FACE

by MART BAILEY



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65

DEEP IN THE JUNGLE... A TRIBE OF PIGMIES HAS ENTHRONED THE DEMONIC LITTLE MAN...



THEY THINK
HE'S A GOD
OR SOMETHING,
BECAUSE OF
THE FACE
MASK... HOW
ARE WE EVER
GOING TO GET
IT BACK?



I'LL GET
IT—AND
THIS TIME
THOSE
SPEARSMEN
WON'T STOP
ME...

A PRISON CAMP IN JAPAN...

YOU DID A GREAT
JOB, FATHER,
ORGANIZING THIS
BASEBALL...

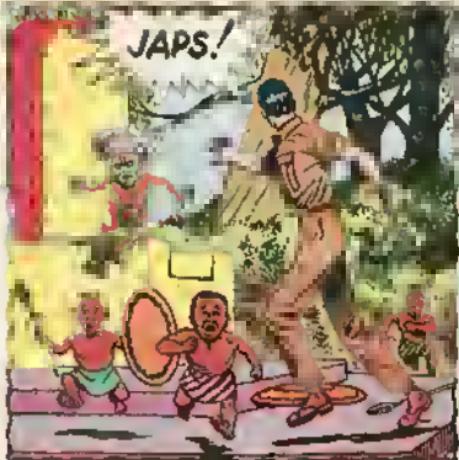
THANK THE FOLKS
BACK HOME... BUT
WHEN ARE YOU
GOING TO TAKE OVER
THE OUTFIELD, TONY?
WE NEED A GOOD
MAN OUT THERE!



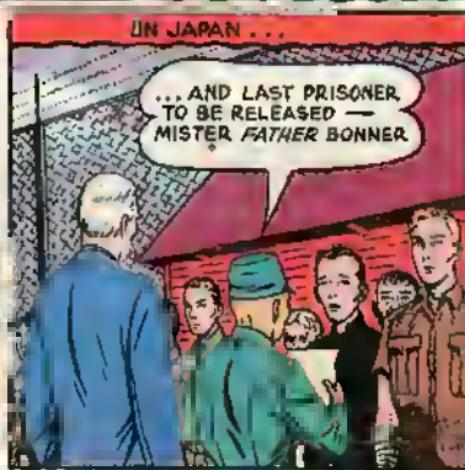
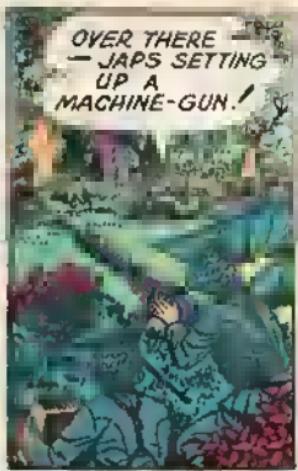
BIG SHOT.



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I Trained These Men



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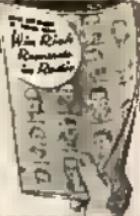
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